

Missing In Action

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Summary: Kirk is MIA and although his crew are desperate to find him, their new Captain, Spock, has been given new orders, which include giving up the search for him. With Kirk trapped in a place he doesn't even remember, will they find a way to return him to the Enterprise?
- Lots of Jim!Hurts.

1. Chapter 1

**Authors Note:**

So, I'm kinda back! I've had the writing itch finally return after a good 6 months. Escape from Sondara isn't finished, however its pretty much there. I have the WORST writers block and have no idea on how to round it up nicely, but the idea for this story has been in my head for a while. You may recognise it a little. It's based around another Star Trek fan fiction, which isn't actually on this site - that I know of. But I just loved the story so much and there were so many parts that I wanted to explore further, so this is my take on it.

>I thank you for your patience as I write this.
>As always, reviews and private messages are my muse - you inspire me. I always try my hardest to reply to all of them, especially those with questions.

This is just part of Chapter One... a teaser if you like.

Enjoy! - Katie ;)

UPDATE 11/04/2016 - I've now rewritten Chapter One as after re-reading a few times I felt it was missing the usual added detail I write with. I hope you enjoy it better now. Chapter Two is being updated now!

_**I Do Not Own Star Trek.

>- But I do wish I owned Chris Pine._

* * *

><p>Missing in Action**

Chapter One

_Everything hurtsâ€| why does it hurt? _

What's going on?

Jim opened up his blood shot eyes as wide as he could, forcing them to focus. He looked around what he could only assume was an empty movie theatre. He started to scan the room for any clues of how he got here but all he saw were empty dusty chairs, rows and rows of them. An old black and white movie was being projected on a large paper screen in front of them, a movie that even he didn't recognise.

He desperately wanted to move his body, he didn't feel safe here. Jim attempted to take a step, looking down at his bare feet. The loose fitting light blue trousers felt unfamiliar to him, as he looked up his legs. Moving one foot forwards felt like complete agony, he felt a sharp pain in his ribs with every inhale of breath. He soon lost his balance as his ankle rolled with the shift of weight, he had no choice but to collapse to his knees. He wrapped his arms around his torso, the pain was too intense and he had no choice but to pant through the pain.

The movie still played in the background, Jim attempted to focus on the voices he heard rather than the pain he felt.

"You don't understand, you can't leave me!"

"Why not! It's not like I have anything around here for anymore!"

"Because I love you!"

"What did you say?"

"I love you, Captainâ€|""

Suddenly a huge wave of intense pain entered into each side of his head. Jim had no choice but to let out a yell, squeezing his eyes closed and instinctively grabbing his head. It felt as if two drills were drilling into each side of his skull. He collapsed to the floor, he no longer heard the movie and just felt the aching agony. Unfamiliar voices flooded into his mind as he screamed out for help;

Sir â€| read me?

_Red Alertâ€| _

Shields Upâ€|

"Jimmy! It's ok! I'm here now." A woman's voice called out to him from afar as the pain suddenly stopped. Jim stayed still on the floor, cradling his throbbing head as hot tears dripped down his cheeks. He had no control, he had no memories and he no idea where he

was.

A pair of warm, soft hands wrapped around him, stroking his hair in an attempt to relax him. Jim had no idea who it was but, for the first time, he felt safe.

"It's okâ€¦ Shhh, its ok." The soft woman's voice whispered into his ears. "We need to get you back to the hospital, ok?"

Jim continued to sob, allowing his eyes to slit back open slightly as he allowed the tears to continue to flow. He looked at the woman's black high heeled shoes, not recognising who they belonged to.

"Doctor Harrison! Move away! He's dangerous!" called from the distance. More voices he didn't recognise.

Two men dressed in white jackets and matching trousers entered the abandoned theatre, running closer to Jim and Doctor Harrison.

The safe arms left him, as Doctor Harrison rose to her feet.

"Please, don't hurt him. He's had enough, I just need to get him back."

"It's not a risk I'm willing to take, Doctor." Said one of the men, as he placed his powerful strong arms on her to move her away from Jim. "This isn't the first time he's escaped and tried to fight his way away from us."

"Escaped the mental house, aye? Well we will soon have you back there." The other man spoke with an angry tone. "Stand up boy!" he ordered Jim.

Jim was still unable to move, he kept his head down, hoping the men would leave him alone with the woman he felt safe with, but he was wrong.

"Fine. Looks like we are playing it the hard way again." The man with the angry voice spat. "Grab him!"

The other man, who was yet to speak to Jim, grabbed Jim's arms and held them tightly behind his back. He pulled Jim up to his feet and a huge wave of pain swept through the whole of Jim's broken body.

Jim opened his red eyes again, attempting to look around again, but the pressure in his head was too much. The constant ache made his eyes feel like they were fit to burst. He attempted to move his hands away, to cradle his hurting body, but it was no good. The man who held them in place just tightened his grip.

"Say goodnight, sunshine." The angry man growled, before swiftly punching Jim around the face.

Jim had no choice but to allow the darkness to consume him. The voices in his head fell silent as the pressure eased.

The angry man wiped the blood off his knuckles as he looked at Doctor Harrison.

"Report me and next time I won't be so gentle."

2. Chapter 2

**Authors Note:**

_Hello and thank you to all my followers for following the story!

>Here's chapter two. Ideally I'd like longer chapters, but I guess the shorter they are the more I can update and also it may make the story easier to follow. After all - we need to learn how Jim ended up where he did!
Any reviews would be deeply appreciated._

* * *

><p>Chapter Two**

The crew of the Enterprise had been in Orbit of planet Zander VI for the last 30 days, searching for their missing landing party. They had received orders to deliver medical supplies to the planet due to a sudden increase in pregnancies with the local species. It was supposed to be a normal, easy mission, but Captain Kirk always insisted in joining land missions. McCoy always thought of it as an excuse to be nosey. Spock thought it was logical for Jim to expand his knowledge of the planets and their species. Scotty always thought it was so he could smuggle new foods aboard for him to try and Uhura just thought of it as an excuse to flirt with whatever female species the planet held. But the truth of it all was, Jim was attracted to the danger, the new and the unfamiliar. In a way, they were all right. He did like to be nosey, learn about the planet and their cultures.

Most of the landing party, including Doctor McCoy, were found within hours of losing communication. However, Captain James T Kirk, was still missing and nobody could explain why.

The USS Lexington, captained by Admiral Archer, had joined them to assist them in the search for the last week but with no luck.

Spock sat still in his quarters as he meditated. He had star map cartridges scattered all over his desk, with a pile of those they had checked to one side. Unfortunately the pile was a lot bigger than the pile they hadn't checked, and even those were planets that were a good few days away at warp speed. The likely hood of finding the captain there was incredibly small.

"Commander Spock, Admiral Archer has requested your presence aboard the USS Lexington immediately." The sound of Uhura's voice entered the still room, causing Spock to leave his state of meditation.

He opened his eyes and flicked the comm on to reply; "Understood lieutenant. Spock out."

He rose to his feet and left for the transporter room, although he didn't know what the admiral wanted exactly, he knew it wasn't going to be the news he wanted to hear.

* * *

><p>"Commander Spock, reporting as ordered." Spock said, stepping to the Admiral Archers office. The USS Lexington was a lot bigger than the Enterprise, meaning the Admiral received a personal office quarters of his own.<p>

"Come in, Commander. Have a seat." Admiral Archer ordered without looking up from his paper work, but still managing to wave a hand towards the chair opposite him.

Spock sat as the Admiral had ordered, remaining focused on Archers face, rather than his paper work.

"Operational status of the Enterprise?" Archer asked, looking up at Spock.

"Vessel and crew performing at peak performance, sir." Spock answered.

Archer took a deep breath. "â€|and the Acting Captain?"

"Also performing a peak performance, sir." Spock said, without hesitation.

Archer put his pencil down and clasped his hands together on the desk.

"He's been missing a month now. You and your crew have searched every square inch of Zander and its surrounding moons, Captain Kirk is not here."

"A logical assumption, Admiral. However, not yet conclusive." Spock answered, keeping himself composed.

"Starfleet hasâ€| concerns, Spock." Archer said, as he picked his pencil back up and looked at his desk monitor. "This area, Zander VI, is classed as an open planet. Everyone is welcome as long as they do not disturb the peace. Which makes having an armed federation cruiser in orbit a month, hard to justify. The Lexington is here to patrol the region in a show of strength. The Enterprise will be joining us in the patrol."

Spock shook his head. "Admiral, it is important we understand what happened. He was on the planet, he disappeared. How was the security compromised? By whom? We must find himâ€| Otherwise Captain Kirk may not be the only Starfleet officer at risk."

An awkward silence filled the room, before Archer let out a sigh.

"Spock, has it occurred to you that Captain Kirk, may be dead." Archer felt a lump grow in his throat and the hairs on the back on his neck rise. He knew how much of a hero Kirk was to Starfleet.

Another awkward silence filled the room.

"Yes... But we have no evidence to support that theory." Spock answered with ease. "Admiral, has it occurred to you that Captain Kirk's disappearance could be connected to the increased activity

with the Klingon's along the neutral borders?"

Archer nodded his head. "Yesâ€¦ it has been discussed. It is possible for the Klingons to believe that with the removal of Captain Kirk, it would reduce the military effectiveness of the Enterprise. No offence to your captaincy skill, Commander. But the Enterprise without Captain Kirk on the bridge, is not the same ship."

"No, it is not. Admiral." Spock agreed. "Which is why it is important that we continue the search."

"Starfleet's priorities are clear. The Enterprise is needed on the patrol line immediately. Those are your orders." Archer spoke with authority in his voice, as he flicked his desk monitor off and ejected the cartridge containing the Enterprises official orders. Sliding them across the desk to Spock.

"Admiral, with all due respectâ€¦" Spock started.

"This is unnegotiable, commander. Those are your orders." Archer interrupted. "I'm sorry Spock, but if the Klingon's are to take us seriously they have to know that both the Lexington and the Enterprise are under strong command."

Archer rose to his feet, placing his hands in the small of his back.

"As of this Star Date, Commander. You are the captain of the Enterprise. You are dismissedâ€¦ Captain."

Spock rose to his feet, without saying a word.

"Oh and Captain!" Archer called as Spock reached his office doors. "Put on a yellow shirt."

Spock tilted his head, taking in his new orders, "Understood, Admiral." He spoke bluntly, before leaving the Lexington, gripping the new orders cartridge tightly in his hand.

* * *

><p>Doctor McCoy stood still on the bridge with his arms folded. He couldn't help but stare at the empty captain's chair in front of him. His eyes stung from the lack of sleep he abused his body with in the last 30 days.<p>

"Well, where the hell is he?" he snapped, as his eyes finally looked away from the chair.

"Mr Spock beamed aboard 20 minutes ago, I'm sure he's on his way." Uhura said, spinning around from her console.

"I wish he would hurry it up, it's damn inconsiderate to keep a doctor away from his sickbay. Especially when there are people that need me." He huffed. Uhura's calm attitude wasn't enough to soothe his temper this time.

The whoosh of the bridge doors opening stopped the awkward silence left by McCoy's snappy attitude. Spock stepped onto the bridge, with his hands placed in the small of his back again. The yellow shirt he

was now forced to wear seemed brighter than ever when the bridge officers turned to greet him. Spock didn't say a word as he moved to the captain's chair, he noticed how every single pair of eyes watched him. He flicked an open channel to the whole ship on and addressed his new crew:

"Attention all hands, this is Commander Spock. Under order of Admiral Archer, I have been placed in command of the USS Enterprise, as its captain. We have received new orders to abandon search and to pick up the patrol efforts on the Klingon boarder. All stations prepare for warp speed. Spock out."

He flicked off the open channel and slowly took a seat in his new chair. McCoy still couldn't take his eyes off Spock, the shock of what he had just heard hadn't set in.

"Mr Sulu. Plot a course for Starbase 24. On arrival you will plot a patrol pattern between there and the borders of the neutral zone." Spock ordered.

"Sir, that is 2 months away" Sulu questioned his orders, something he rarely had the courage to do, especially with Spock.

"51 days at warp 7. Mr Scott," Spock continued his orders "I assume you can sustain warp 7?"

Mr Scott, who had remained silent this whole time, turned in his chair. "Aye Capâ€|" He started but it felt wrong to address Spock as the captain. "Aye. I can give you that kind of power."

"Spock!" McCoy had enough, he couldn't watch Spock order the crew around any longer. "Are you out of your Vulcan mind?!" if he wasn't raging before, he was now. "We can't leave here without knowing what happened to Jim!"

"I have my orders." Spock replied, without looking at the Doctor.

"Orders?! To hell with orders!" McCoy found himself raising his voice further.

"That will be all, Doctor McCoy." Spock remained calm, still without looking at the Doctor. "My orders are not your concern. What happens in Sickbay is."

"Spock!" McCoy shouted a lot louder than before, raising a hand.

"Dismissed." Spock ordered McCoy.

McCoy froze. He knew better than to strike anyone, but his rage had overcome him. He lowered his hand and left the bridge swiftly, before he did something he would regret.

"Mr Scott, you will report to Engineering for the duration of the journey." Spock continued to order his bridge crew, unfazed by the emotional outburst of Doctor McCoy.

"Aye, Mr Spock." Scotty said, rising to his feet. The bridge was one place he didn't want to be without Jim anyway.

"Captainâ€¦| Spock." Spock corrected.

"Ayeâ€¦| Captain." The words left a bitter taste in his mouth, as he left the bridge.

"Navigation."

"Course laid in, Sir." Sulu quickly spoke, before any other outburst happened. "All systems fully functioning. Ready for warp at your orderâ€¦| captain."

"Proceed."

Sulu took one last look at the planet they had lost his captain on. Before slowly pushing the warp thruster forwards, allowing the ship to enter warp speed.

3. Chapter 3

**Authors Note:**

Feeling a tad disheartened by this now, but thank you for your patience.

>The review has encouraged me to continue for now. I'm hoping that by re-writing the first two chapters I will encourage more followers.

>Usually my stories have a few more reviewsfollowers so its hard to tell if anyone is enjoying this or not._

>ANYWAY!

Here we are back to Jim's side of the story, I hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter Three

Jim squeezed his eyes together tightly before opening them slightly. All he could see was the brightness of the ceiling before anything came into focus.

_Whereâ€¦| where am I?

>Why can't I remember?

He wanted to move his arms so much, but they were stuck. He wiggled around but the tightness made the grip tighter.

Why can't I move?

Hasâ€¦| someone got hold of me?

His vision began to focus. He didn't recognise where he was at all, he looked around the unfamiliar room. The brick walls were painted in a white glossy paint, the one window was very small and had bars on. He rolled his head to the side, realising he was laying on the cold hard floor. He looked at the large metal door, there was no chance of getting out of that if it was locked.

He lifted his head, to realise nobody was restraining him after all,

but he had been placed in a restraining jacket. His whole face ached and throbbed and he had no idea why, nor could he even remember why. He tried to think back, but there was nothing in his mind but darkness.

A young woman opened the door slightly, "Jimmy, are you ready for something to eat?" She peeked into the room, realising the bed was empty. "Jimmy?"

She stepped inside, her familiar black high heels clacked on the hard floor. Her eyes clapped onto Jim, laying still on the floor. She let out a gasp as her hands covered her mouth.

"Oh no! What have they done to you?"

Jim didn't have the strength to reply, he just continued to lay still. Every breath made his ribs scream out in angry pain.

"It's ok, I'm here now." Her soft hands began to undo the restraining jacket.

The doctor's tone felt familiar to Jim, it made him feel safe. He felt his arms loosen from being wrapped around him, allowing them to flop to the side.

"Let's get you up." She said, pulling the jacket away from him. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, slowly helping him into a sitting position.

"Where am I?" Jim finally spoke. The dryness of his throat made his voice rasp.

"You don't remember?" The doctor looked at him confused.

Jim looked down at his bare feet, he tried hard to think but his mind was blank. "I don't." he shrugged.

Doctor Harrison looked worried, but tried to remain professional. "Do you remember who I am?"

Jim stared into her big brown eyes and thought hard. "Doctor Harrison?" He squinted his eyes, thinking gave him a headache.

"That's right, but you can call me Penny if you like." She smiled at him.

He liked making her happy, it made him smile back at her. Although smiling made the bruising left on his face from the punching he had received earlier hurt again.

"Alright then, Penny. I like that."

"I'm glad you do, now how about we sit you on the bed rather than this cold floor?"

"I think I'd like that too." Jim started, trying to stand up himself until the pain shot across his body, causing him to stop and inhale deeply.

"Let me help?" Penny asked before wrapping her arms back around his back, to help him to his feet.

Jim rose unsteadily to his feet with her help, shifting most of his weight onto the doctor next to him, even though he didn't realise it at the time. He held his side tightly, causing the doctor to notice.

"Are you still in pain?" She asked, looking concerned at how much sweat beaded in his hair line, after all, all they were doing was moving a couple of steps across the room.

Jim had no energy to answer back and just jolted his head a little. They finally reached his bed and those few steps felt like a marathon for him. He gripped his side tighter as he slowly lowered himself onto the bed. He could feel the springs from the thin mattress press against him as he laid down.

Jim didn't notice how rapid his breathing had become until Penny grabbed his wrist to count his pulse. He desperately needed a distraction.

"Whereâ€¦ am I?" he huffed out between breaths, he had just remembered how she hadn't answered his question from before.

Penny looked up from her watch, letting go of him with her soft touch. "This is an isolation ward, Jimmy. You're in a hospital."

"Hospital?" Jim gasped. He tried to shift his arms back, to prop himself up using his elbow, but the surge of pain caused him to let a groan out instead. "How long?"

Penny let out a silent sigh with worry. "Two weeks nowâ€¦ What do you remember?" She asked, as she walked to a sink in the corner of the room, filling up a small container with some cold water. "Here, drink this." She said, returning to his side.

Jim wasn't thirsty, even though he doesn't remember the last time he drank something. He desperately searched his mind for memories.

"Iâ€¦ I was outside!" The darkness in his mind lifted, he remembered seeing planets in a light yellow sky. He focused further on the memories, picturing himself in his head. "It was coldâ€¦ I was lost." He could feel his heart beating hard in his chest as the feelings of insecurity rose.

Penny placed a hand on his back, rubbing it slowly. "It's ok, deep breaths." She reassured him. This was the most she had gotten out of him the whole time he was here. "What else?"

"Two security guards!" Jim raised his voice as the memory became clearer. "I rememberâ€¦ they found me. Noâ€¦ Noâ€¦ that's not right."

"Two policemen, they found you and brought you here." Penny continued to rub his back reassuringly.

"They took it from me!" Jim's eyes opened widely as he explored his

memory.

"They took what from you?" Penny looked at the man, confused. The policemen that had brought him to the hospital didn't mention anything about belongings. Jim had nothing but the torn, worn clothes on his back. They had to assume he was attacked before he arrived but there were traces of physical abuse on his body, well apart from the two burn marks either side of his head.

Jim thought harder than ever, the memory was fading and there was nothing he could do to bring it back as the throbbing pain continued to drill into his skull.

"Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦ Don't remember." He looked up at the white ceiling, watching the old rickety fan spin. The memory was gone and nothing but darkness surrounded his mind.

This isn't right.

This isn't fair.

Why can't I remember?!

Jim started to work himself up, feeling frustrated with himself.

"What is this hospital? What happened to me!" he shouted at the doctor who made him feel so protected.

Realising how Jim was still refusing to drink, she took the container back to the sink, placing it on the side.

"It's called amnesia. Are you sure you don't remember anything else?" she asked, moving back towards the beaten man.

"Noâ€¦ No I don't. They took it from me and I don't remember what." Jim's eyes uncontrollably filled with sadness and he couldn't stop the tears from forming as he shook his head like a child. "They took it!" he yelled once more before sniffing.

Penny sat next to him on the bed, pulling him in to her and wrapping her arms around him once more. She spoke no words and just comforted the man and he sobbed against her. She just wanted to help him and right now, this seemed to be the best way to do so.

4. Chapter 4

_Authors _**_Note:_**

_Thank__you all for your kind words of encouragement. I apologise for the longer update - work has been crazy!

>Thank you again, to everyone that reviewed and send me messages, I hope they continue on as the story grows.

* * *

><p>Chapter Four

Spock sat in his new captain's quarters, working away at the paper

work needed in order for his new role of captain, to be official. Another week had slowly passed and although the crew of the Enterprise were unwilling to accept that Jim Kirk was no longer amongst them, they were following orders Spock had assigned to them.

A sudden buzz from the door echoed into the room. Spock didn't even need to look up to sense who it was waiting behind them. "Enter." He called out, continuing with his paper work.

The doors whooshed open and the sound of footsteps followed as the doors closed again. Spock still didn't look up from his paper work, finishing it off with a signature.

"Captain Spock." Doctor McCoy said slyly. Folding his arms tightly across his chest.

"What is it, Doctor?" Spock asked as he placed his completed paper work to the side and flicked on his desk monitor.

"Do you know what day it is?" McCoy asked, continuing with his sly tone.

"As you have access to the ship's computer, I assume that is a rhetorical question." Spock answered, looking at Doctor McCoy's body language â€" clearly something had upset him.

"That's progress, I assumed you would state it down to the last minute." He sarcastically said.

"As you wish. It is exactly 38.50 days since Jim Kirk's reported disappearance, is that the answer you were looking for?" Spock asked, not quite understanding the sarcasm.

"How can someone as brilliant as you, be so damn stupid?" McCoy had no fears of expressing his true feelings towards anyone. It was one thing that Jim had liked most about it, although Spock could never understand why, as Vulcans could not lie, he had no choice but to be the same. However Jim had always said that McCoy did it with attitude.

"I am a Vulcan." Spock said, as he began to run a program on his monitor.

"That's an explanation, not an excuse. You're a captain now!" McCoy slammed his hands down onto Spock's desk, watching him continue doing his work just infuriated him further. "Start acting like one damn it. Your crew are mourning a loss of someone they cared for, console them. Tell them it'll be alright." McCoy lowered his tone as Spock finally made eye contact.

"Perhaps my obvious genetic contrast, is still, even now, lost on you, doctorâ€" Spock started, but was soon interrupted. McCoy was on a mission to make Spock understand how the crew felt, but trying to make someone who doesn't feel, show emotion, was difficult. The only man that had ever managed this was currently missing too.

"You're half human too, damn it. Try being half human nowâ€" I know it's a stretch." McCoy started, seeing a slight change in Spock's body language as the Vulcan stiffened up at the reminder of that fact

he was half human. "This crew is shattered. They need leadershipâ€¦ compassionate leadership."

Spock rose to his feet, he felt a wave of fury through his body, but swallowed it up inside of him. He clenched his fists tightly.

"Compassion?" he whispered.

"It means; to suffer with, Spock. You're saying you're not suffering too?" McCoy eased, noticing Spock's tight fists.

"I am in control of my emotions." Spock said, as he loosened his grip and slowly sat back at his desk. "I expect my crew to be the same."

"We all need healing, Spock." McCoy said, watching Spock continue with his program on his monitor as if he was being ignored.

"That is the job of the ships doctor." Spock said, writing things down on a new electronic clip board he kept placed next to his previous paper work.

"Wrong!" McCoy said, seeing he was losing the fight with Spock's emotions, he slammed his hand back down on the next. "A star ship's captain sets the emotional tone for his crew, and you're doing a damn poor job at it. Archer gave you command of the Enterprise, Spock. What does that tell you of the official status of Captain Kirk? I don't like it either, but we have to face the facts."

"Facts, Doctor? We have no evidence." Spock stated.

"You've taken his command! How do you think his crew feels about that? You always said you didn't want command of the Enterprise but you sure took it quick enoughâ€¦"

"I took it for the mission." Spock said, feeling the surge of rage beginning to pump through his body as he rose back to his feet.

"Bullshit! You took it for command!" McCoy shouted, pointing his fist at Spock.

Spock grabbed McCoy's fist as silence ran through the room. He squeezed it tightly as the tension built between their bodies with anger. Seconds felt like hours as Spock realised his grip, allowing McCoy to retract his fist away.

"I am in command of the Enterprise, Doctor. How or why it does not matter. Is that clear?"

Silence swept over them again. The doctors scowl remained as he slowly lowered his hand down from his chest.

"Is that clear, doctor?" Spock stated again.

McCoy sighed slightly. "May I be excusedâ€¦ captain?" The sarcasm returning, although Spock didn't pick up on this. He didn't wait for a reply as he moved towards the doors.

"Doctor." Spock said, causing McCoy to stop in his tracks. "Schedule a memorial service for Captain Kirk."

McCoy, who stayed facing the door tilted his head. "Thank you." He said. Clearly something he had said had worked.

"I will not attend." Spock said.

McCoy felt a shiver run through his spine. He knew that Spock, like the rest of the crew, were missing Jim. Even if he didn't admit it. At least today he had made a little progress. He shook his head before marching out the doors.

Spock made his way back to his desk, continuing with his work on the monitor once again.

5. Chapter 5

**Authors Note: **

_Another update! Back to Jim now, soon I hope to answer some questions on how he got here in the first place, but I just needed to clear up some bits first ;)
>Thank you for your continued support through messages and reviews - you are all fantastic people!

* * *

><p>Chapter Five

Penny had managed to eventually calm Jim down, clean up his face and talk him into getting something to eat. The rumbling in his tummy caused his muscles to ache and the pain in his ribs throb anyway, so he might as well try and soothe that.

The canteen was busier than he would have liked. Full of other men wearing the same plain white t shirt and loose fitting grey trousers, some of them always wore a thin white dressing gown. Jim soon noticed how nobody, other than the doctors, wore shoes or socks. The cold stone floor reminded of the white glossed walls in his room he noticed earlier. He didn't recognise any of this.

"What day is it today?" He asked, as he slowly walked over to an empty table in the corner of the room with Penny.

"It's Tuesday, Jimmy. Now we have tomato soup on offer today, take a seat here and I'll go and fetch it for you." She pulled out a plastic chair from the table causing the legs to squeak across the floor.

"No, I mean, what date is it today?" Jim asked, the words almost escaped him, as he took a seat, watching the other patients.

"You don't remember?" Penny made a mental note, not remembering the date could mean that his amnesia was more serious than she first thought.

Jim shook his head, everything in his mind was still completely blank.

"That's ok, it'll come back. It's the 13th March, 1958." She smiled at him before she ran to fetch his soup.

Jim's face just looked confused, it may have been a date, but it wasn't a date he recognised. He thought dates were just made of numbers, not words too. His eyes watched Penny walking back towards him, carrying a bowl and a plastic cup. His stomach let out a huge groan as the smell of tomato soup reminded his tummy that he was hungry. Just like the rest of his memories, he couldn't even remember the last time he ate.

"Here eat this, if you need anything I'll just be talking to that doctor by the door." She put the bowl and cup down in front of him and passed him a plastic spoon. She smiled at him as he took the spoon, she noticed the worried look on his face. "It's ok, just have a little and we can try something else tomorrow."

Jim nodded at her as he dipped the spoon into the soup and brought a small amount up to his mouth. He tasted a tiny bit, the thick warm tomato flavour was incredible to him, he couldn't remember the last time he had tasted something so real.

He took a quick glance over to Penny, she was standing at the door with a male doctor that he didn't recognise. He had a white fluffy beard and wore thick rimmed glasses. He was much older than Penny, his white hair was the biggest give away for Jim to realise that.

Penny smiled at him and nodded her head, hoping to encourage him to eat more of the soup she had prepared for him. He smiled back slightly, the bruising on his face prevented him from moving his face much.

"C'mon Jimmy, just eat a little more." Penny whispered to herself, not noticing that Doctor Leo McKenna was standing next to her.

"Why bother? It just gives him the energy to cause fights with the other patients." He replied to her, even if she didn't want to listen.

"Sir, he is my patient. I will not allow him to suffer." Penny took her eyes off Jim quickly, scowling at the old doctor next to her.

"A little suffering is good for the soul, my dear." He said, as he watched Jim take another small mouthful of his soup.

"He's making good progress." Penny started, defending her work. "Care and compassion go a long way in cases like this, he trusts me."

"Trust doesn't bring his memory back, what he needs is a good course of electrotherapy." Dr. McKenna started, as he pulled an old smoking pipe out of his jacket pocket.

"Electrotherapy is cruel. Not only that, but there is no proof of it curing amnesia!" Penny tried hard to keep her tone low, the last thing Jim needed is to know they were fighting over how to treat him.

Suddenly, the lights out bell rang throughout the hospital. The sound of the bell rang into Jim's ears, causing him to snap up to his feet. He knew that soundâ€¦ "Red alert! It's a red alert!" he shouted as the rest of his soup spilt onto the table.

"Jimmy!" Penny ran over to Jim, "It's just the lights out bell, remember?"

Jim started to look around the room, marching from corner to corner, pushing the other patients out of his way. "I need to get to the bridge! It's a red alert!"

"Call for the porters! Before he hurts anyone else!" He shouted into the room, instructing the nurses.

Jim pushed past the old man, knocking him into the wall, as he ran out into the hallway.

"No! Leave him! I'll go!" Penny shouted, chasing after Jim.

Images started to flash through Jim's head. Images he knewâ€¦ he was starting to remember. He saw red doorsâ€¦ silver wallsâ€¦ People in yellow, blue and red shirts, even though their faces were a blur.

Jim finally reached a set of doors at the end of the hallway. "The bridge! It's this way!" he called out, without knowing Penny was chasing after him."

He ran straight into the set of doors, but they didn't open. He knocked his head hard, opening up an older cut on his forehead. Warm blood started to pour down the side of his face, but Jim didn't care.

He hit the doors in front of him, wondering why they wouldn't open for him.

He placed his hands on the bar across them, pushing it down so they swung open. The memories faded.

"Theâ€¦ theâ€¦" Jim looked around, the doors didn't lead to the bridge, just an empty stair case. "What... this is all wrongâ€¦ I needed toâ€¦" The darkness swamped his head. "It's gone."

Penny had finally caught up, as she saw Jim searching the stairs. She wrapped an arm around Jim, leading him back to the hallway he previously had run through. "We need to get you back to bed. It's okâ€¦"

"It's gone." Jim whispered. Looking down at his feet.

"It'll get better, you just need time." She explained, leading him back to the cold and empty room Jim had been confined to. "I promise."

6. Chapter 6

**Authors Note:**

_Just a little one from me this week, hoping to continue writing Chapter 7 tonight though! Thank you for all my wonderful support. You all help me write this.
>I hope the second part makes sense a flows ok.

* * *

><p>Chapter Six

McCoy slumped in his office chair. He clenched a small glass of some sort of green coloured alcohol that Scotty had brought along with him. McCoy was still seeing red from his run in with Captain Spock earlier and had hoped that Scotty would calm him down. Needless to say, he was wrong. The scots' man swayed his weight from leg to leg as he downed shot after shot of the strong liquid.

"You could sit." McCoy said, sipping the alcohol. The burning sensation slid down his throat and oddly, it did make him feel a little better.

"As long as I'm standing, I've not had enough." Scotty slurred. He had been drinking ever since he was dismissed from the bridge. Drinking on duty wasn't something he was accustom to, but luckily he had left someone else in charge for the afternoon. "Did you really say all that to him?" He asked, slowly pouring himself another glass.

McCoy slowly nodded as he watched Scotty almost miss a step as he paced in front of his desk. "Doctorâ€|" He started as he swallowed the glassful in one shot. "I don't know whether to slap your backâ€| or your face." He waved the empty glass in the air at McCoy, just like McCoy would wave a disapproving finger at Jim.

"Don't even think about it." McCoy said, before sipping more of his drink. "You've been in enough fights."

"He's right ya know. He is the captain now." Scotty said as he attempted to pick up the bottle of alcohol to fill his empty glass.

"Well then he should start acting like one." McCoy huffed, almost too quietly for Scotty to notice.

Scotty almost slammed the half empty bottle down on the desk, but stopped himself in time to pour the liquid into his glass. "Is that what you really want?"

McCoy looked away, refusing to admit he was wrong to say that.

"Aye Laddy, me either." He continued to slur, taking another shot of drink.

"I requested a transfer." McCoy said, breaking the silence.

"â€|and?" Scotty raised his voice, if McCoy could get off the ship then surely there was hope for him too.

"Starfleet refused." McCoy said, sipping more of his first drink. "Spock wouldn't allow it. 'Your departure would negatively impact the

ships medical services.' "Nicest thing he's ever said to me." He sighed, taking one last mouthful of his drink.

"Aye" Scotty lowered his tone, "You know what really scares me, Doctor?" He almost whispered, as he watched McCoy pour himself another drink. "We can go for a few hours" sometimes even a whole day" without thinking about Captain Kirk."

"I know what you mean." McCoy said, swallowing a larger mouthful as he got used to the burning sensation down his neck. "I guess we are getting used to the new normal."

"Aye... and if I'm forgetting" and you're forgetting" Scotty didn't want to continue his sentence and swiftly moved on. The thought of the whole ship forgetting Kirk so quickly made the green alcohol in his stomach rise back up his throat. "This scheduled memorial service, is that really the way of saying Jim Kirk is really dead?"

McCoy sighed, as he drank a whole glass of the drink before he answered "Even Jim Kirk can't cheat the law of averages forever. We both know that Scotty." He swiftly poured himself another glass, almost finishing the bottle.

"Aye" Scotty whispered, collapsing in the chair behind him.

"The Captain is dead. Long live the Captain." McCoy stated, he could feel the ripple of pain in his chest where he had to finally come to terms with losing his best friend. He raised his glass to make a toast. "Captain James T. Kirk."

Scotty wanted to join in to toast the man that he had grown to love like a brother, but just couldn't bring himself to do it. He pushed his glass over, placing his head in his hands and the world span around him.

* * *

><p>Familiar tones entered into Spock's mind, the meditation his body craved was rudely interrupted" <p>

_Spock" _

_Help me" _

_Spock" _

I need you" Spock" Find me.

_Rescue" Me" _

The voice faded away.

Spock had his eyes closed tightly as he continued to meditate. Not even the gentle sound of the ship's engines could break his concentration. He knew that voice and he needed it back.

He lifted a hand up to his face, placing his fingers on the correct places on his face to connect with his own mind, desperately seeking the voice to return.

The second he connected images were flashed over and over in his head. It was Jim. He saw moments of before he went missing, then they were gone and new ones appeared. Jim was beaten. His face covered in blood. His white t-shirt, stained with it also.

Spockâ€|

Spockâ€|

As the images continued to flash, he saw something new. An outline of a being that slowly began to focusâ€| The pointed ears, the yellow tone of skinâ€| the dark hairâ€| was it Vulcan? ... No...

It was Klingon.

Images of Jim's torcher flooded into his mind, his screams echoed into his room. Spock had no choice but to release his mind. Instantly breaking his concentration and snapping his eyes open as if it were all a bad dream.

"Jim." He panted, beginning to wonder if his own mind had become emotionally compromised.

Help me Spockâ€|

7. Chapter 7

_Authors__ Note:_

So now we get to finally learn how Jim got into this mess in the first place... more to come however! This is just the start.

>As I am writing in the past, it is all in italics. In order for the story to flow I thought it should be important to show that.

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter Seven

_ "__Just one drink, C'mon Bones! It won't hurt. We aren't due to make contact with the ship for a while now. What Spock doesn't know won't hurt him." _

_McCoy sighed. "Just the one then, I suppose a little R&R may help lower that damn blood pressure of yours anyway." _

_ " __That's the spirit Bones!" Jim cheered. "You go find us a seat, I'll bring them over." _

_Bones looked around the full bar. Their mission had been a success, the medical centre had even let him assist in one of the births of the planet species. The mother was so thankful for the rapid pain relief she named the baby Leonard James. A most unusual name on planet Zander VI, but quite a fitting one if McCoy did say so

himself. _

He found an empty table, close to the doors and perched there. He looked around for Jim but there were just too many people to see around. It didn't help that the planet species were much taller than both Jim and himself. The bar was loud, but that didn't stop him from hearing his communicator at the time. They had previously lost signal with the ship, something to do with the metal they had built the buildings with, at the time McCoy didn't really care. The communicator buzzed and hissed as he flicked it open. "McCoy here." Between the buzz and crackles of the communicator McCoy could only manage to make out one word.

_Klingons. _

He slammed his communicator closed and stood on the chair. "Jim!" He looked around, searching through the crowds of people for the familiar yellow shirt but saw nothing.

_ "Jim!" he called out again, he understood the danger they were in. The last thing he needed to be was separated from the rest of the landing crew._

_Bones pushed past the crowds, making his way to the bar exit. The second he made it out his eyes searched frantically for his captain but he saw nothing. "Jim!" he called out again, but nothing but silence returned his calls. _

He stood still, panting as he caught his breath. He wanted to keep running and looking for Jim but he was stopped. A wave of a familiar tingling sensation swept over his body. The next time he opened his eyes he was back on the ship, staring back at Scotty and the rest of the landing party that they were previously split from.

_ "Where's Jim?!" he ordered._

_ "You mean, he's not with you?" Scotty asked, pressing buttons to try and find his signal. _

_ "Does it look like he's with me?! Find him! Now!" _

_ "I'm doing my best, Doctor. Although it looks like" Silence entered the transporter room. "Get Spock down here now." He ordered the younger transportation engineer._

_ "What? Why?" McCoy asked, still panting heavily. _

_ "If my scans are correct, which there is no doubting then there is no human lifeforms left on that planet. Just the alien's you were sent down to help." _

* * *

><p>Jim's eyes almost burst open when the ice cold water touched his bare chest. He struggled to catch his breath as he lifted his head and looked around. He didn't recognise where he was at all, the walls were empty, just like the cell he was in. There was a faint green glow blocking his only exit. He tried to stand up but soon realised he was stuck to the wooden chair he was sat in.

_"__Ah! Captain. Nice of you to join us again." _

The strong voice was one he knew.

_"__Korr." Jim stared back at the Klingon ambassador. He was larger built than the other Klingons, not that it made him any stronger. At the drop of a hat any one of the Klingons would do anything he ordered them to do, even if it meant fight to the death. "What is this?" Jim ordered through gritted teeth._

_"__Klingon hospitality, why do you not like it?" He asked, waving a golden cup around causing deep red liquid to spill over his golden command sash._

_"__Don't you mean kidnapping? Are you trying to start a war?" Jim didn't look away from his enemy as his fingers curled into fists behind his back._

_"__Oh on the contrary, Captain. I'm going to end one." Korr said, sipping his drink. "Before its even begunâ€| with just a littleâ€| cheating." _

_Jim looked confused. He hadn't noticed until now how his torso was covered in bruises, the second his eyes spotted them the familiar throbbing pain swept over his body. "Cheating? Isn't that dishonourable__?"_

_"__Noâ€| Loosing is." Korr paced around Jim, sipping his drink. "Will you have some blood wine captain? I assure you â€" it isn't drugged."_

_"__Thank you, I'll pass" Jim sneered, keeping his eyes forward._

_"__All of this unpleasantness could have been avoided, with a simple answer to a simple question. Surely you can understand the logic in that" he continued pacing around Jim._

_"__If its logic you want, you've got the wrong guy" He grinned._

_"__Ah yes, your Vulcan comrade. Equally stubborn, as I recall. But you captain, you are not as equally resilient. My associates have asked you this many times, I will only ask you once."_

_"__Thank you that would be a great time saver." Jim carried on with his usual sarcastic attitude, judging by his bruises and the faint taste of blood on his lips, Jim knew he was already in trouble with Bones anyway, a little added sass wouldn't hurt._

_Korr moved around to face Jim and moved much closer to him than before. "Where is the planet known asâ€| Gateway." _

Jim could smell the stench of his breath as he spoke into his face. "I'm only going to answer this once. It's a Starfleet secret." He smirked back.

_Korr copied Jim's grin. He stepped back towards the glowing force field which kept Jim locked inside. "Thank you. Now we have finished

our formal inquiry, we can move on to the next stage." He nodded to the Klingon guards outside and the green glow faded away as he walked out._

One of the guards marched in holding some kind of Klingon weapon that Jim hadn't taken notice of before. He heard the weapon charge before the guard jabbed it in to his side, causing electrifying pain to spread across his torso. He had no choice but to yell out in pain.

_The other guard came in and together they grabbed Jim's arms and dragged him out the cell. Jim had no energy or strength to fight back. His head hung down as he watched his bare feet being dragged through the enemy ship. _

It wasn't long before they forced Jim's feet to take his own weight again, the numbing from the electrocution Jim had previously received had already worn off as the burning pain in his side warmed up. The guards pushed him into a small room, they stood blocking the only exit. Jim looked around noticing the Klingon symbols all over the walls before finally spotting the machine in front of him.

_"__Noâ€|" Jim had only heard of rumours of his machine, but there it was right in front of him. "No!" He turned to try and escape but it was no good. The guards grabbed him and he was still too weak to overpower them. Jim yelled out for help, but knew nobody was coming. The two guards lowered him to a large metal chair, strapping all his limbs into place. He squirmed around, desperately trying to escape but it was no good. The straps were just made tighter. Tingling feelings entered both his hands and feet where the blood supply was slowly being cut off, but Jim didn't stop moving, the straps slowly started to cut into each wrist, he knew what was coming._

Korr placed a large metal helmet over Jim's head. "Now keep still and accept your fate with my Mind Sifterâ€| Captainâ€| Jamesâ€| Tiberiusâ€| Kirk."

Korr switched the machine on and the grinding sounds of metal filled the small room. The helmet placed onto Jim's head clung there as two small parts of it moved onto each side of his temple.

The burning pain instantly caused Jim to yell out for more help, but the Klingons just watched on.

The straps dug further and further into his wrists, causing blood to drip down onto the floor below him.

The machine made its way into his mind, exploring all his known memories and thoughts. Jim fought the intrusive pain hard, trying to stop it, but it was no good. The intense burning in the side of his head made bile rise in his throat until finally, his body gave up and darkness consumed him.

End
file.